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Tenth Anniversary Fund

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PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

TENTH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL

HELD IN THE

TACOMA HOTEL, DEC. 2ND, 1902,

TOGETHER WITH

The Speeches Delivered by Members of the Sunday School at the Celebration of Its Tenth Anniversary in the Tacoma Music Hall, Nov. 26th, 1902,

AND THE

TENTH ANNIVERSARY DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE

TACOMA THEATER, SUNDAY, NOV. 30TH, 1902.

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NOTE.

Most of the addresses herein printed have been reproduced directly from the stenographer's report, with no subsequent additions. The closing address, however, cut short by the lateness of the hour, has been amplified in response to repeated request.

THE AGE OF GOOD.*

Mankind has waited long;—
  Still saved by hope it waits,
Calming its eagerness with song
  While quelling fears and hates.

No more the soul is bound
  By man's dim-sighted creeds:
Love makes all earth a holy ground
  And fills all human needs.

Wars still may scourge the lands,
  And Greed with Greed may fight,
But Free Religion nobly stands
  For Brotherhood and Right.

The flashing sunlight clear
  On Mount Tacoma's head
Is symbol of earth's passing Fear;
  Wrong's shadowy hosts are fled.

O happy age To Be,
  When ignorance lies prone!
When thought has perfect liberty,
  Nor meets for bread a stone!—

Be ours to sing thy praise,
  Be ours to aid thy birth,
And earlier bring the wished-for days
  Of Righteousness on earth.

Boston, Mass. JAMES H. WEST.

*Written for the Tenth Anniversary Festival of the First Free Church of Tacoma.

A TEN YEARS' MINISTRY IN TACOMA.*

BY ALFRED W. MARTIN.

A tenth anniversary sermon by its very nature must be more or less personal in character and content. If, then, there should seem to be an excessive use of the first personal pronoun, let it be construed as inevitable under the circumstances.

Although it is ten years ago this Sunday that my ministry in Tacoma began, I have never gotten over the sense of starting in, of a fresh beginning. And this is due partly to the changing personnel of our Society, partly to the ever fresh virility and aliveness of the organization, and partly to the fact that ours has ever been a church militant, never a church triumphant. And this, perhaps, more than anything else, has kept us young and growing and given us the constant sense of a new beginning. A sad day it is for any church when it reaches the triumphant state with no consciousness of anything more to overcome.

The immediate thoughts suggested by our tenth anniversary run in the grooves of rejoicing and regret, the former happily outnumbering the latter ten to one.

Coming first to the reasons we have for rejoicing, let me say that I approach them, not in the spirit of a miserable and supercilious pride, as though our work were not greater than we, but rather in the spirit of humility and hopefulness, conscious of the distance of our aspiration from our achievement and conscious, too, of the fact that " 'tis not what man does, but what man would do that exalts him."

First of all I rejoice in the fact that we have lived ten years, lived through a decade darkened for the most part by the worst industrial depression and financial embarrassment on record. How our Society ever succeeded in surviving the panic of 1893, and the dreadful hard times that followed, can be explained only by the indomitable courage, heroic endurance and consecrated allegiance of its active members. Never shall I forget the splendid exhibitions of these virtues as I saw them in the men and women who were my immediate co-operators in sav-

*Delivered by Alfred W. Martin in the Tacoma Theater, Sunday, November 30th, 1902.

ing our Society from dissolution. It endeared them to me as nothing else possibly could, it gave me courage and strength and inspiration, far in excess of all other human sources of supply.

How natural it was that prophetic souls in other communions should have predicted the early death of our infant institution. The Roman Catholics, cautious, sagacious and tolerant, allowed themselves only the mildest terms in which to couch their prophecy. Orthodox Protestants, less tactful but more vehement, lost no opportunity for the utterance of their predictions, using both the press and the pulpit for that purpose. Unitarian brethren, in high places and elsewhere, described our movement as "meteoric," "a mark of youthful restlessness," an "excrescence that will soon disappear."

I rejoice that thus far these various prophecies have been disproved. We are, to be sure, not a very numerous body, nor can we expect to be for many years to come, because such movements necessarily grow very slowly. After thirty years of continuous hard work the Apostle Paul could count only a thousand converts. Nor again is the significance of our movement to be judged by its numerical strength, though we have increased from 65 to 565 members. But however little the seed and the tree that has sprung from it in these ten years, we can say, and say it with gladness, that Sunday after Sunday congregations have assembled to refresh themselves with the inspirations of our movement, that marriages have been solemnized, that the dead have been buried, that the bereaved have been comforted, that infants have been dedicated, that children and young men and women have been educated on the basis of our principles and gospel.

I rejoice not only in the fact that we have lived, but also in the fact that we have lived harmoniously, that no serious jealousies or dissensions have broken the harmony and concord of our Society. Only once in these ten years, in the winter of 1894, was there a discordant faction among us, but the five families composing it, finding themselves unable to exist harmoniously with the other members, withdrew, and it was better that they should leave than that the progress and peace of the Society

should be sacrificed. With the exception of this one brief and surface spell of dissension, our ten years together have been marked by exceptional harmony and by undeviating allegiance to the principle of democratic equality throughout all the various plans for maintaining the financial solvency of our Society. Among the best seats in our auditorium there have always been free seats.

Not only do I rejoice that we have lived and lived harmoniously but also that the *fundamental* reason for our continuance, and in concord, is the character of our cause not the man who represents it . I rejoice in the greatness and grandeur of the ideas we stand for and to which our existence must be *primarily* attributed. There are those who say that such a movement as ours depends for its life upon the person who leads it, that if he be removed the factor of adequate leadership will be eliminated and the institution inevitably come to naught.

To be sure, this movement, like every other, depends on the man or men who are its soul. A mere commonplace it is to say that the force of ideas depends on the man who expresses them. Everybody knows that the element of personal influence is what accounts for the success of the world's great religious and moral movements. What would Christianity have been without Jesus, Paul, Augustine and Luther? What would Free and Universal Religion have been without Emerson, Abbot, Frothingham, Potter? But we must go a step further and ask, what would these men have been without the ideas that dominated them and made them pioneers, reformers, saviors? If on the one hand it be true that the practical value of ideas depends on the man who proclaims them, on the other hand it is equally true that "the man is the tool of the ideas," that all his strength and influence depend on the ideas which control and inspire him. They make the essential man, they constitute his personality, they make him a force, a leader, a reformer. Hence it is to the ideas and not to the man that we must point as the root-explanation of our continuance as a Society. The critic who attributes our survival to any such surface agencies as pulpit oratory, rhetoric, or other gifts with which speakers of our movement

may be endowed, simply errs. He mistakes the mere accessories for the essence, the heart of our movement. The ideas and ideals for which we are organized belong to "the things that remain."

Teachers are transitory, but the things to be taught are imperishable, and in these days of shallow standards and slim convictions it is something to have held aloft the cause of truth and loyalty, and liberty to be loyal and true. Whatever power I or my successors in the future may have, will depend at last on the greatness and grandeur of the convictions and standards that animate and possess us. Speaking for myself, I am fully persuaded that whatever success I may have had in holding the Society together and promoting its growth and usefulness, has been due directly and fundamentally to the *power of the ideas* which have ruled me and given extra strength to my inadequate faculty for their presentation. And as these ideas have made more of me than I otherwise could have become, so will they make more of other men who shall take up the work and carry it forward to still nobler and vaster issues.

A fourth reason for rejoicing I find in the fact that there has been a decided change wrought in the attitude of the orthodox public toward our movement. At first it was an attitude of positive aversion and contempt, gradually it has changed into one of appreciation and good will. And this gradual increase of good-will and understanding has been brought about in spite of the steady emphasis I have laid on the radical differences that separate us from the various Christian congregations. The policy of smoothing down differences, rounding off sharp corners, the plan of making our position *seem* somewhat orthodox for the sake of gaining popular favor, that policy I have always and resolutely spurned. "To preach what you believe and let what you don't believe alone," is a device that has never yet been fruitful of good results. Rather is it a device that breeds hypocrites and trimmers. To distinguish beliefs that differ is a much wiser policy. In the interests of clear thinking and consistent acting, I have throughout these ten years attempted no compromises, no concealments of our

actual position, and while appreciating the true and beautiful in each of the various religions, I have not shrunk from stating plainly the points wherein we differ from their devotees. And I rejoice to think that notwithstanding my unequivocal utterances and clear-cut differentiations, there exists more kindliness and good-will toward us than when my ministry began.

A fifth and ever-present source of rejoicing is the goodly company of faithful and devoted workers with which our Society is blessed. How gladly would I recite this morning the names of those whose co-operation has been so precious and invaluable. But I refrain, lest in my enumeration I should omit some whom it would grieve me to have overlooked. Yet there are two names that I feel drawn to single out for a word of special mention and I am sure none of you will think I have underestimated your services in the least by this particular selection from the list of good and loyal workers. One of these names is that of Mr. F. W. Low, who has served us so ably and so faithfully at the organ, never absent from his post a single Sunday, when in the city, always on time and all his services rendered without any pecuniary compensation. The other name is that of Mr. R. T. Reid, who in his capacity as treasurer, has served us with exceptional efficiency and rare consecration. It is no exaggeration to say that to his tireless perseverance and deathless loyalty, we are chiefly indebted for the successful solution of the ever-recurring financial problems that have confronted us.

Rejoicing in the realization that so many devoted and reliable workers can be counted in our membership, I am irresistibly led to the belief that now, at the end of ten years, our Society, as a whole, has reached the point where the *movement* is esteemed and loved more than the *man* who is its transient representative; so that if, for any cause, I should be forced to relinquish my post, you who have worked with me for these ten years would not allow the Society to disintegrate, but, on the contrary, you would hold a meeting and take immediate steps for the securing of my successor. This gladdening conviction has deepened during the last five years and I rejoice to day in

believing that there are enough loyal spirits among us to save our Free Church from the possibility of dissolution.

Still another, and sixth cause for rejoicing comes from recognition of the progress that is being achieved in the different denominations of Christianity. Simply marvelous is the rapid progress we have seen during the past decade in nearly all of these denominations; progress toward freedom, scientific thinking, and a broader basis of fellowship.

Every progressive step they take is an advance toward our position. Even the forward step of the Presbyterians, taken last May, though it was a step into a fog-bank, was yet a step in advance, a step toward us. Occasionally we hear of ministers in Orthodox and Unitarian churches charged with being "over-liberal;" that is, they are suspected of having secret affinity with the Free church. And all the men in the other churches who are taking any step ahead are inevitably taking a step toward our ideal of freedom and fraternity in freedom. I make this claim not arrogantly or conceitedly, but in a spirit of entire humility, realizing that we are only the instrument of our ideas, the servants of our ideal. Did time permit it would be very instructive and inspiring to turn to each one of the Christian sects, from the narrowest orthodox to the most progressive Unitarian and see just how far each has moved toward our position. Such an examination would disclose the fact that each of them is more or less in that hopeful condition so happily described by Emerson as "complaining that they do not hold the doctrines they are charged with." By daring to be free, hundreds of people inside the old churches have discarded the dogmas they are supposed to believe and have thereby contributed their quota to the religious emancipation of humanity.

I rejoice, then, that we, as a religious body, have achieved perfect freedom of thought and that there are so many signs of progress toward that goal in the various denominations of Christianity. I rejoice, too, that we are using our freedom, and for the highest of all purposes, the pursuit of truth. We prize freedom not for itself but for the good we can accomplish with it. We want freedom for the sake of truth, truth for the sake

of progress, and progress for the sake of that highest ideal of humanity, the Commonwealth of Man. We want freedom, first for truth and last for brotherhood, and neither truth nor brotherhood can ever be attained unless freedom of thought be granted to start with. The sweetest words in our language are progress and brotherhood. Both have been a dream awaiting realization. To help convert the dream into a reality is a large part of our mission, and since it depends primarily on the possession of perfect freedom of thought, we have stood and must continue to stand for the free pursuit of truth and by the method of exact science, persuaded that this means the elevation and advancement of society in all possible ways, the increase of religious fellowship and co-operation, and the development of each individual soul into its own inherent personal ideal.

Both easy and delightful it would be to dwell at greater length on our causes for rejoicing, to play on in this major key of gladsomeness, but my sermon-symphony has a minor strain that must be heard before I close.

Sad indeed it is to review the names on our membership roll and note the word "removed" written opposite so many of them. What a loss this has been can be appreciated only when we remember that the great majority of these former residents were among the most active and devoted of our members. But hard as it has been to go on without their presence and fellowship and help, there is another experience that to me has been harder and sadder still . It is the getting into close, personal relations with so many of our members, learning to care for them, and to appreciate their intrinsic worth and then be called on to come and say the last words over them when they have departed this life. Let us recall the names of our honored dead, and in the order of their identification with our Society.

Robert Stephens, J. Ramsay Hendrey, Mrs. Jessie M. Dunning, Mrs. Louisa E. Crain, J. L. Devoin, L. F. Bowdish, Thos. J. Thompson, G. W. Plummer, Mrs. W. H. J ennings, A. J. Holmes, Mrs. Mary D. Hayden, Mrs. Augusta G. Avery, Mrs. Louisa M. Dewey, Miss Lewella Drum, M. M. Sloan, Miss Mida G. Elliott, Mrs. M. E. Sawyer, H. B. Caldwell, Mrs. I. A. Stern-

berg, Dewey Rogers, R. S. Caldwell, E. M. Gray, M. F. Hoffman, Miss Frances Kenway, Mrs. A. H. Garretson, H. A. Pitman, Miss Hortense Shenkenberg, Frederick McCoy. How I should like to linger on each and recall some salient charm of character and life, but I must be content with the mere mention of them, assured that each name as it was read brought to your minds the beautiful traits we knew and admired.

Of the many and varied disappointments that every minister meets, there is one that to me is ever-present and the keenest of all. It is the fact that there are so many men in this city who say they sympathize with our purpose and endorse our platform, and yet are willing to stand off in utter indifference, never putting in an appearance at our Sunday meetings, never contributing to our treasury, never manifesting the slightest, practical interest in our work; men who have no use for our church until they die, and then they expect me to conduct their funeral. Many of these men fancy they have outgrown the need of the church, outgrown the need of organizing for grand and aggressive work. I sometimes wonder whether these men are not in the mental state intimated by the boy who told his mother that he hadn't said his prayers for two nights and wasn't going to say them tomorrow night and then if "nothing didn't catch him" he wasn't "going to say them any more at all." So these men seem to have a conception of deity and duty and destiny that hinges on the idea of their "getting caught" and that the only thing religion is good for is to save them from getting caught by someone, here or hereafter, and that when they had once outgrown this fear they saw no further need for the existence of the church.

It is the indifferent attitude of these men who are doing nothing for our cause, doing nothing for humanity, doing nothing to help the world forward to the commonwealth of man, that makes the bitterest disappointment of my ministry.

But enough of this minor strain and let me end in a major as I began. The past, in our brief church history, has gone into our moral and spiritual structure, and my final cause for rejoicing is the faith that all this past has gone into our lives with

all its sermons and hymns, aspirations and assemblings to new and higher revelations of the infinite and eternal Power who is the father and mother of us all. I rejoice in the faith that all this past has wrought in us for righteousness, justice, peace and love, so that we can put these ten years beneath us as a stepping-stone from which to rise to still higher altitudes of the spirit, addressing ourselves with fresh courage and consecration to the tasks that await us while we stand reverently and in awe before the sublime ideals that inspire us and unite us.

FESTIVAL ADDRESSES.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

MR. F. M. CALDWELL.

Members of our Society and most welcome guests: As President of your Board of Trustees I have the most pleasant privilege of congratulating you upon the success that has attended our movement, the tenth anniversary of which we meet here tonight to celebrate.

Our organization was started in 1892, by those of us who could no longer in justice to ourselves, continue to attend our various churches and by repeating the beautiful words of the ritual, song, or prayer, with disbelief in our hearts, act a part in our religious life that we would spurn as being unworthy of us in our social or business life. When we recall the years of depression through which this young organization struggled, carrying a heavy mortgage indebtedness that was too great for its young shoulders, we realize the sincerity of our members and the devotion, ability and inspiration of our leader. Without such a leader we could not have existed, without such earnest, devoted members we could not have survived.

This organization has never during its existence owed a debt that it did not pay, and it never will. I would like to say a word to you about the individual members, who by their untiring efforts have made this possible, but it would take too long

as I should grow too enthusiastic in praise when recalling the struggle. They will experience the most complete of all satisfaction, the appreciation of their associates, and the watching of the growth of this organization spread, as it will, from its present home through all truth-loving countries; they will know that it was by their self-sacrificing, heroic efforts that this grand movement was started upon its mission, continuing the evolution of liberal religious thought from Channing, Parker and Emerson, on to Francis E. Abbot, Octavius B. Frothingham and William J. Potter, the six great leaders of liberalism whose portraits are looking approvingly down upon us this evening, and whom we ever delight to honor and revere in the hope that we of the Tacoma and Seattle Societies may prove worthy the heritage of these illustrious sires.

It is with great pleasure that we welcome this evening so many from our Sister-Society in Seattle, which is doing such excellent work in advancing this movement. We regret that Mr. Furth, President of the Seattle Society, could not be with us, owing to his absence in California; but the opportunity is afforded us to have Mr. Arthur, the Vice-President, a man to whom more than to any other one person the success of that Society is due. His effective work in interesting the thinking people of Seattle, giving his time and talents to the organization of this Society, will always be most warmly and appreciatively remembered. I have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. John Arthur, who will speak of our Sister-Society in Seattle.

ADDRESS OF MR. JOHN ARTHUR.

THE PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS EMANCIPATION.

Mr. Toastmaster, Mr. Martin, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I beg to return thanks for the very cordial words of praise for your sister society in Seattle. I think it might more properly be called your daughter society. It did not spring up spontaneously in Seattle; you created it there. The Seattle

Society for Universal Religion is simply Alfred W. Martin. Without him the society would not live one week. It would be like the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted. Mr. Martin is beloved by you here. He is not the less beloved by us in Seattle; and if Seattle were not such an honest town, we should be disposed to steal him from you! The Seattle Society is in a flourishing condition. We are out of debt. We have large meetings every Sunday to greet Mr. Martin; and they all say he is the best man in the United States in his line. In such a transient population as we have, there is greater difficulty in welding them into one solid organization than perhaps you realize. In time I suppose we will get the elements fused and will organize a strong society; but at present it is simply and literally true that the magnetism of Alfred W. Martin is the soul and life of the society. Mr. Martin's scholarship, his candor, his sincerity, his courage, are all heartily appreciated in Seattle, as I know those great qualities are in Tacoma. We feel that he represents that advance in human intelligence, that inch-by-inch or step-by-step progress towards real freedom, which ought to be prized by all true men.

An occasion like this is naturally suggestive of thoughts and retrospects. You know we are in the only land perhaps, and in the only time, when a creedless church would be allowed to exist; when a church which does not require you to believe in any nonsense, but asks you to try to find out the truth, can thrive and flourish, and have fair women and brave men, such as are in this society in Tacoma, gather by the hundreds to celebrate its progress. That is a wonderful thing when you come to think of it. It is not so long ago that your church would have been torn down upon your heads and set on fire by an infuriated populace if you had attempted such a thing. But Liberalism has progressed; and now you have a church of freethinkers, practically, who are among the most respectable people in the community. Nothing can be more extraordinary in its evidence of progress than that very fact. Here you have people of all races, classes and lines of thought fused together, not so much to build up an organization as to find out the truth; and you pay a man to tell you the

truth, and not to represent your prejudices, whether inherited or acquired.

When Lord George Gordon was marching with his army of forty thousand ragamuffins upon London to prevent Parliament from passing a bill intended to remove some of the most cruel and savage of the political and civil disabilities formerly enacted against the Catholics, he said to his secretary, Gashford, "I had a dream last night. I dreamed that you and I were Jews, Gashford. You and I—both of us—Jews with long beards." "Heaven forbid, my lord! We might as well be Papists," said Gashford. "I suppose we might," said his lordship. "Eh? You really think so, Gashford?" "Surely I do," replied Gashford. Within a century from that time a Jew had become prime minister of England and the most popular man in the country; a Papist, a cardinal of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, had become a member of the Queen's privy council; another Jew had become master of the rolls, one of the highest judicial offices in England; while, but a short time afterwards, an Irish Catholic—Home Ruler—had become lord chief justice of England, and a Jew had become lord high chancellor. Was not that progress? Not less was the progress in France, where in the same time a Jew had become President of France, and two Jews had become prime ministers of the French republic. In Germany, until the other day, we witnessed the spectacle of the Papist cardinal Hohenlohe as the chancellor of the Protestant empire—the custodian of the great seal and the keeper of the Emperor's conscience! That was progress. In our own country, after the fervor of the Revolution had passed away, so bitter was religious hatred and bigotry that the memory of Thomas Paine, to whom almost as much as to George Washington we owed our freedom, was execrated, and his services to the young republic decried, belittled or ignored; and so outrageous was the attitude of our churches toward him that William Cobbett, the English Radical, came over to the United States, took up his bones and bore them from our ungrateful soil to the mother earth in England; which led the irreverent wit of Lord Byron to say:

"In digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
Will Cobbett has done well;
He visits you on earth again,
"You'll visit him in Hell!"

Now, friends, I did not intend to make a speech tonight at all; but a gathering of freesouled people is always somewhat of an inspiration to me; or mayhap, an inducement to talk, if not an inspiration. I sincerely hope this institution will progress. I am satisfied that it will, because it is in line with the American Zeit-Geist—the spirit of the age. It was only the other day that I read of all the Protestant ministers in a town in the Middle West offering up prayers for the recovery of a Catholic priest in that town who was very ill, and was very much beloved by the community. Less than two months ago I was called to Spokane, in my capacity as Grand Master of Masons, to open the Spokane Masonic Fair, which had been devised and organized for the purpose of raising funds to build a Masonic temple in that city; and I was gratified to learn on my arrival that among the most active workers for and liberal contributors to the movement were Catholics. That is progress. So, Mr. Martin, keep your courage up! fight the battle out! You are going to win because the spirit of the age is with you! It was a great thing to convert that Unitarian Church of yours here into a Free Church. Unitarians had been regarded by most of us as very advanced and very radical. I remember Colonel Ingersoll saying to me once that the Unitarians abused him more than any other sect did, just to show that there was somebody worse than themselves. You deserve immense praise for the arduous task you courageously undertook and have performed. I am glad that your church is out of debt. I congratulate your society; I congratulate its noble and talented minister: to him I wish long life and to your First Free Church of Tacoma ever increasing spiritual and material prosperity.

THE PRESIDENT: We have with us this evening a man with a national reputation as a strong, eloquent, thoughtful speaker;

a man who comes from a line of orators, whose ancestors for generations have been rabbis of the Jewish church. After making his debut in New York City he came to the Pacific Coast where he could breathe the freer air of religious thought, and now preaches to the largest congregation in Portland. Last March we had the opportunity of hearing one of his eloquent sermons and have thought and talked of it ever since. I have the pleasure of introducing to you Rabbi Wise.

ADDRESS OF RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE CHURCHES.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: Some of you will remember that one year ago we Americans joined England in celebrating the millenial of King Alfred the Great, England's greatest king. Tonight we gather to celebrate the decennial of Alfred the Good. I might truly add "and Great," but it so much better to be good than great that I prefer to let the good enough alone. A few days ago I was speaking to a friend in Portland, and I happened to tell him that I had received an invitation to come to you tonight, and I asked him what he thought about the Free Church movement, the movement which aims to realize the ideal of a Universal Religion. He did not agree with me respecting the value of your cause, and he expressed his thought touching the Free Church work in four words. Said he, "Either denomination or damnation." But you and I do not quite share that view. I know many Christians, and many Jews as well, who question the wisdom and worth of such a movement as you represent. They hold that your attitude toward religion is not unlike the attitude of Boyle Roach, the famous Irishman, on the question of the constitution of England. You will remember that he once said,—he was pleading for the reform of constitutional government,—"Gentlemen, we must be willing to sacrifice a part, if necessary the whole of the constitution, in order to save the remainder." Now, I take it there are many Christians who believe that you are sacrificing the whole of religion in order to save the remain-

der. It occurs to me that there are some members of the churches who might apply to you and your minister the story told of the rabbi of an eastern city. He came to a city in Ohio and lived there for some years. When first he came he was thoroughly orthodox, but after some years he became most heterodox in his teachings and practices. He abbreviated the traditional prayer-book until little more remained than the binding; he abolished fast days and the seventh-day Sabbath. Finally a meeting of the congregation was held, at which it was concluded to dispense with the services of their rabbi, but the members all loved him and found it rather difficult to tell him that he must go. The president of the congregation said, "Gentlemen, leave the thing to me; I'll do it tactfully." He went to the rabbi and he said, "When you came to us twenty years ago, you were orthodox; the first five years you abbreviated the prayer-book; the next five you curtailed it more and more, and the third five years you came very near to abolishing it altogether. You have changed the Sabbath to Sunday, and have left us neither feast nor fast days. You have virtually abolished everything. Now the congregation has resolved to go into the business of abolishing things; but unfortunately you have done the work so sweepingly that there is nothing left to abolish save you, Doctor, and the Lord God Almighty. Now, the question before us at our meeting was, should we abolish our rabbi, or our God, and we have made up our minds not to abolish the Lord God Almighty." The Free Church is more fortunate in one respect; you will never abolish either the Lord God Almighty or Alfred W. Martin!

I am to speak to you tonight on the common fellowship of the churches. I like the term fellowship; it has the right ring. It tells of that which is needed in the relations between ministers and churches as well as between communities and peoples. Fellowship is a "word of aspiration in our age." Co-operation is a note, which has been struck often of late in the course of discussions respecting the reciprocal duties of labor and capital, the educated classes and the state, and co-operation is but another name for fellowship. Real true co-operation must be rooted in common fellowship. If co-operation be the solution of many

difficulties arising out of the problems of the industrial world, much the more truly is it fundamental to any proper adjustment of relations between the different bodies in the religious world. Co-operation is economically sound in the world of things: fellowship is indubitably basic in the realm of the spirit. But I would have you understand tonight, men and women, that fellowship is a very different thing from toleration. Goethe said "Dulden heist beleidigen." To tolerate is to insult. The time was, and alas still is for many of us, when even toleration was hailed with thanksgiving; but for some of us, at least, the time has come when it is felt that toleration is insulting, that fellowship must become the sacramental word. I was at a meeting in New York some years ago at which a minister of one of the evangelical churches turned to Minot Savage, the associate of Robert Collyer, and said to him, "Doctor Savage, although I am a Christian minister, I have the utmost toleration in my heart for you and for your church." Minot Savage jumped up as though he had been shot, his form trembling and his eye afire, and he said, "Sir, I don't want you to tolerate me, to take me upon sufferance; I want you to fellowship with me and with my church, or to leave me alone." That is, or ought to be, the attitude of the world today. Fellowship must be based upon a common equality; toleration implies a condescension from above, the superiority of him who tolerates, and the inferiority of him who is tolerated. Toleration at best signifies a union of hands: fellowship is a marriage of souls.

Now, there are certain conditions that must be met before the reign of fellowship can begin in the churches. First, the churches must cease to regard themselves as an end, must learn that they are only means to an end, a twofold end, the greater glory of God and the larger good of man. It is the great blunder and folly, not to say crime, of the churches, that they have come to look upon their preservation, their continuance, their enlargement, as the greatest of ends, forgetting that they are instrumentalities to carry out the Divine will, and to serve humanity. Touching every proposal made to the churches, we are to ask ourselves not whether these will tend to perpetuate and magnify

the power of my church, but whether they are calculated to serve the divine end, to further human welfare.

There are other tests. We will never have a true fellowship of the churches until the churches lay all emphasis upon morality, upon righteousness, upon holiness. The churches still teach today, and for all time in the past have implied when they have not taught, that religion is largely a matter of ceremonial conformity, that religion connotes the recital of a creed or the mumbling of a ritual. We have got to learn that all the churches must teach that religion is an interchangeable term for life, that religion should be co-terminous with the area of life, that religion should spell daily conduct, that religion is the moral habit of the soul. Then there is need of even more than that. In addition to laying all emphasis upon righteousness, as the test of the life religious, we of the churches must acquire the crowning grace of humility. That is to say, we must be willing to confess that Christianity does not comprise the whole of the truth, that Judaism is not a finality in the world of truth, that every church in the world, your own included, is only a groping after, a poor, blind, blundering search, after the truth, that no religion is truth absolute, that no religion is truth final. Religion symbols not the acquisition of truth, but the quest thereafter. Truth belongs in a measure to every religion which seeks after the truth, which is humbly conscious of the fact that it can do no more than seek after the truth, and that it can never attain to truth absolute, which is God's, and God's alone. We will in time come to a real fellowship of the churches, when you and I begin to teach the truth concerning each other, when the Christian churches, for example, cease to teach that infamous, age-old falsehood that the Jews crucified Jesus of Nazareth, when we, on the other hand, of the Jewish church, come to appreciate and to revere and to cherish our brother Jesus of Nazareth as among the noblest and Godliest of God's own children.

But I am thinking tonight of a fellowship which shall be more than a fellowship in name alone, for I have in mind that fellowship, which shall realize itself from day to day, in works, in life, in practice. Have you ever thought, my friends, that

the legions of the devil always work together most harmoniously? We of the churches are, or ought to be, divisions of the army of the Lord. Did you ever hear of an army waging a successful war with every division fighting at cross purposes with every other division? Have you considered how it was that the Europeans resident in Pekin two years ago were relieved by the European soldiers? It was because the soldiers of Germany, England, France, and of our own country, united under the leadership of a commanding general, and these different armies triumphed because they were allied, because they accepted and followed one leadership, because they marched under one banner. Not long ago Pretoria was relieved in the same way by the different divisions of the British army which met together after having worked toward the same end and toward the same goal; though starting from widely separated points that end was attained. We of the churches will do the great work which God's world has in store for us when we fight together under one banner, when we spend half as much time in fighting the forces of evil as we spend at present in fighting one another. Let me urge again my plea of a moment ago for a real fellowship, for a fellowship which should be realized in daily life, in act and in fact as well as in name. I do not mean that you and I should come together once a week and pray together; I mean that we shall work together; I mean that in every community the different churches ought to stand together side by side, shoulder to shoulder; I mean that the churches ought to labor together for the spread of personal purity and personal righteousness, in order to put an end to that abominable double standard of morality which demands the gold standard of chastity from womanhood and is content with the silver, or leaden, standard of immorality from manhood. I mean, my friends, that the churches ought to strive in common to raise up our national ideals, to spread the gospel of national righteousness.

We are told every day that wherever there is toleration or fellowship there also is indifference, that the zealous Christian or earnest Jew cannot be tolerant in view of the teachings of his church. Is it my duty as husband and father to prove my loyalty

to my own home by being hostile to the home of my neighbor? Is it my duty as an American citizen to be at enmity with every other nation in the world? Is it my duty as a disciple of the Jewish church to war with every other church? All these questions depend in turn upon the answer to the related question: What is loyalty? I take it that my very loyalty to my own wife and child ought to make me revere womanhood and love childhood the better. I do not conceive it to be my duty as an American citizen to cry out, "America over every other nation," as do the Germans, "Deutschland uber alles." Will not mine be a higher patriotism, a truer and finer Americanism, if I say not "America over all," nor "over against all," but "America with all the nations, America for all the world!" I believe that I am a more loyal Jew if I look upon the triumph of the Free Church with gladness in my heart than if I conceive it to be my duty to war with every church other than my own. Judaism, I submit, must labor not for its own good, nor for its own advancement, not to further its own worldly or spiritual interests, but to further every cause that makes for the spread of religion. Believe me, men and women, I could not be more rejoiced if any Jewish religious body had attained unto the measure of spiritual prosperity which has been yours, than I rejoice tonight, for as much as you have attained unto that lofty eminence which you occupy. I am disloyal to my own church whenever I fail to do all that in me lies for the benefit of every other church. Tolerance does go hand in hand with indifference, with indifference to churchianity, but not to religion. The more toleration, the more disloyalty to the churches, the more loyalty to religion. Fellowship in the churches is the outcome of indifference to the ologies and the anities and the isms. The fellowship of the churches will come to signify more and more loyalty to the spirit of religion, deeper and deeper loyalty to the spirit underlying your church and the Christian churches and my church, and every church doing God's work in the world.

The great prophetic ideal was just that,—the common fellowship of the churches, the fellowship of men in a common church. "For my house shall be called a house of prayer unto

all nations." By these words is meant not the house on Zion's height, but any house of God, God's house wherever it may be. Loyal son of Israel though I believe myself to be, my prayer to heaven is, not that the house of Israel may be the house of prayer unto all nations, but that every house of prayer and aspiration may be unto all people. Do you remember the words inscribed over the gateway at the World's Fair in Chicago? "Toleration in religion the best fruit of the last four centuries." Let the fruit of this century be something infinitely better and finer than toleration,—the fellowship, the brotherhood, of the churches. Let us have many creeds, but one religion: let there be unity amid and despite diversity, unity, not uniformity; let there be amity, not enmity, concord and not conflict: keeping our many names, let us have one aim. No surrender is asked, save of hatred and all uncharitableness; no disloyalty is required, save to bigotry and prejudice. Every church is to preserve its individuality, to cherish its separate integrity, but all the churches are to emphasize the many things they hold in common. The fellowship for which I plead is based upon a realizing sense of the all-Fatherhood of God and the all-brotherhood of man, the love of God and the service of humanity. The fellowship of the churches will come to pass when we can come together and pray from out our hearts "Our Father," when turning to each other and clasping each other by the hand, we can say, "Brother."

I come to you from a neighboring city, and as the teacher of an alien church. I turn to my honored friend and brother, Mr. Martin, and I say to him in the spirit of the words written in the old Hebrew Bible, "Thy people shall be my people, thy God shall be my god. Where thou goest I will go," and there will you and I together bury the old hatreds, the old enmities, the old uncharitablenesses; there together let us build the new church, the church of the truer, higher, wider human fellowship, on foundations to which you and I must bring the stones taken from the ruins of the walls which once separated and divided the churches. Tonight I turn to him whom I honor and whom you love, and I say to him in the words of John Wesley, which find an echo in my heart, "Give me thy hand, give me thy hand, keep

to your opinion and I will keep mine, I have no desire to dispute with you. If thy heart be as my heart, if thou lovest God as I love God, I ask no more; give me thy hand, give me thy hand."

THE PRESIDENT: We know by experience that men, no matter how thoughtful and well-intended they may be, often make mistakes. The most unnatural mistake that this Society ever made was in failing to have the ladies represented at our fifth anniversary celebration. Profiting from this error, and wishing the present celebration to be an unqualified success, Mr. Martin, who had the program in charge, arranged to have a representation of the ladies of our Society. He selected one who is particularly able to treat so interesting a subject as "Our Movement from a Woman's Standpoint," and I have the pleasure of in-introducing to you Miss Maud E. Remington.

ADDRESS OF MISS MAUD E. REMINGTON.

OUR MOVEMENT FROM A WOMAN'S STANDPOINT.

On the occasion of our former birthday banquet five years ago, I very rashly expressed the opinion that in an age so pronouncedly a woman's age, in a gathering composed so largely of women, assembled to celebrate an anniversary in the history of an organization toward the support of which women contribute so generously of money, labor and time, it was rather odd that the women had no representative on the program. It was with a significant gleam in his eye that our minister declared that he would see to it that no such oversight was allowed to occur again. When I was honored with the invitation to help to represent the women of the First Free Church this evening, I recalled that significant gleam, and it was borne in upon me that, in the Western vernacular, Mr. Martin had been "camping on my trail" all these five years, waiting for an opportunity to get even with me for having ventured to criticize in any particular that first birthday dinner.

Although I realized most keenly my utter unfitness to do justice to this occasion or to those whom I help to represent, and my utter inability to hold my own with the eminent speakers who address you this evening, yet I really do not know what a woman with the courage of her convictions could do under such circumstances, but make the best of a weak position, rashly taken up and stand to her guns—hoping that her battery may make noise enough to cover the fact that it is very poorly aimed.

"Our Movement from a Woman's Point of View." It is a little difficult to know what to say. In the first place, who ever heard of two women who had the same point of view about *anything*. Besides, *woman's* point of view on a question so purely abstract is very much like *man's*. If it were a woman's idea of politics, now, or of a nickle-in-the-slot machine, one might hope to find a point of view distinctly feminine. As it is, I am reduced to imitating the obnoxious druggist who is eternally offering something "just as good." With your permission, then, I will say a few words in regard to this movement from *one* woman's point of view.

You have, perhaps, heard of the stonecutter who, when called upon to prepare a monument to mark the last resting place of a man eighty years of age, found that his chisel was not equal to the intricacies of the figure eight. But he reasoned that four two's would do as well, with the result that the inscription was rather astonishing. A passerby, upon reading the legend, exclaimed, "Great Scott! The man must have been born before the flood!"

We are celebrating this evening the tenth birthday of the First Free Church, but I find that my chisel will not frame the zero. Surely five two's will do as well. I celebrate the birthday of a church that is 22,222 years old! Before the flood! Yes, before our first progenitors worshiped in the Garden of Eden, before the heavens and the earth rose out of chaos, with the very beginning of law and order, this church had its beginning. From this one woman's point of view, a church consists not of a handful of people, nor yet of the building in which they meet, but of the principles to which they are pledged. What are the re-

ligious principles for which we stand—the corner stones of our church, hewn from the wealth of human thought and experience? *Freedom, love, law, truth;* freedom of thought and expression, particularly in matters religious; love, self-forgetting, the love that feels a kinship with all created things, recognizing in fact as well as in theory the universal brotherhood; law unchanging, inviolable, eternal; truth, as revealed by the light of science and reason. Not the truth of yesterday, nor of today, nor of tomorrow, but truth eternal, everlasting, shining with a radiance that is breaking ever more clearly through the darkness of error and prejudice. *Freedom, Love, Law, Truth.* Freedom of thought and expression, universal brotherhood, the inviolability of law, truth by the scientific method; shibboleths all—as familiar as the comings and goings of our daily life—and how old are these?

Freedom, which has been defined as the *liberty of every man* to find his own level, is a principle that is as old as the human race. The story of liberty began when history began. At first man's struggle to free himself from the physical domination of his neighbor, then the effort to throw off the political and the intellectual yoke imposed by the tyranny of church and state, it is now coming to be the struggle of the individual with the limitations of his own environment and of his own nature.

Love is as old as human life. The first mother's heart throbbed with love at the touch of baby fingers. But can we say that love began with human life, when the tiny bird pines away broken hearted at the loss of its mate? When the faithful dog breathes his last stretched upon the newly-made grave of his master? Did love begin when life began, or was it beneficent force at work long ere this? We grow dizzy as we look back down the ages searching for the cradle of Love.

Truth, the immortal, knows no beginning, no end. Tell me when time began and I will tell you the birthday of Truth. When the universe was a nebulous whirling mass of vapor, before light had been divided from darkness, before gray dawn and the pleiades shedding sweet influences danced before the chariot of Phœbus, Law was at work segregating, collecting,

arranging, according to a definite order of things,—the law that guides the heavenly bodies in their course and arranges the tiny crystals in a bit of frozen vapor,—Law immutable, all powerful, eternal, we uncover our heads and remove the shoes from our feet when we approach in thought the birthplace of law, for the ground on which we stand is holy ground.

Freedom, Love, Truth, Law. Other religions may be true to these principles to a greater or less degree, but few can claim any one of them as a vital or essential element. No church that formulates a creed as a test of fellowship leaves its followers free; no church that crystallizes its belief in words can be sure of surviving the test of truth yet to be revealed; no religion that excludes from the pleasures of heaven, or condemns to lasting penalty, a single weak or erring soul is loyal to the great principle of love; while no religion that is based upon miraculous events or manifestations, or that teaches the remission of merited penalty can reverence the sanctity of law.

To our minister belongs the honor of having seen the glorious possibilities of a religious organization founded not upon a book, not upon a creed, not upon the life and teachings of any man, but upon these eternal principles; an organization, dedicated to their service, pledged to their support; a church wherein people of all nations, all religions, laying aside petty distinctions and animosities may meet and work together for the uplifting of the human race; a church for all ages, a church universal. It is a magnificent conception, a beautiful vision. Can this beautiful ideal be realized? While there exists such infinite variety in the human mind and heart, is it possible that any religion can be universally accepted? If there ever is a church universal, it must have one vital principle. It must deal entirely and exclusively with the broadest generalities, principles so broad that they do not admit of difference of opinion. People are not, and never can be, cast in the same mold, physically, mentally or morally; while upon religious matters, above all other subjects, opinions differ and prejudice is strong. A universal religion, then, must be content to remain silent upon personal concrete subjects.

The great principles of Freedom, Truth, Love and Law cannot be denied, but concerning their application to the life about us opinions may differ widely. It is not possible to rear above these corner stones any edifice whatever that shall be universally satisfying. The indisputable fact remains that in the very nature of things a universal church is, and must ever be, merely a foundation. A foundation upon which each member must build his own little structure of religious life and opinions, in accordance with his own temperament and environment. The church universal requires only that the beliefs of its members shall be in harmony with these great fundamental principles. All are welcome, of all religious opinions, as well as the man of no religion at all.

This open-door policy, the one practical application of the doctrine of universal brotherhood, beautiful as it is, may have in it a possible source of weakness to any organization founded upon it. Agnostic, Atheist, Theist, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Theosophist, a universal church, welcomes them all. But these vast differences of opinion within an organization might make difficult any compact welding together; might even become a disintegrating force.

When we think of it, how little we know of the religious life and opinions of our fellow church members. Our minister weekly throws open for our inspection room after room in the stately mansion his soul is building, but whether we, ourselves, are living in a hut or a palace who can tell,—perhaps we least of all. Could there be revealed before our eyes the spiritual dwelling-places of our fellow-members, what infinite variety would we see; high and low, large and small; some gloomy and forbidding, others with wide-open doors and lofty corridors; some unadorned, others with domes and pinnacles towering heavenward; some bright and well-lighted, others with the light of heaven filtering darkly through stained glass. Perhaps it is just as well that so bewildering a variety should remain shrouded in mystery, save as the light of a noble deed reveals an occasional glimpse of a beautiful structure.

There are religious communities where exactly the opposite

conditions prevail, where the dwelling-places are all ready built beforehand, according to a definite time-honored plan. If an aspiring individual, longing for a wider outlook, puts another story on his house, or a curious man by an additional window illumines with a flood of light an obscure corner, he is forthwith warned that he must conform to the well-established universal plan or move elsewhere; unless perchance he is ingenious enough to conceal his modern improvement by a front elevation identical with that of his neighbors.

Opposed as such a condition of things may be to our principles, there may be here a power of cohesion possibly lacking in an organization like ours. Where there is unanimity, there is sympathy and a bond of union not easily broken. And yet while a close corporation is likely to be more powerful and more lasting than a loose confederation, it is certain that no union however strong can be permanent if founded upon error. The searchlight of modern investigation is too strong; it is penetrating everywhere, no hiding place is so remote as to escape it, no barrier so strong as to shut it out. And error once revealed, carries in its own heart the disintegrating force that destroys it. But truth is indestructible, and has a cohesive power that nothing can shake.

The church to which we belong is as old as the universe, our organization is in its infancy. Whether the First Free Church of Tacoma grows or declines, the church universal will live forever. It is as far beyond mortal reach to injure or destroy as the stars above our heads. It is more firm under our feet than the everlasting hills. It may be asked whether the rank and file of human nature in its present state of development is capable of building on such a foundation. Is the vision too grand? Are the ideals too lofty to take the strong personal hold upon the masses that a more human religion might do? Does it need something more definite, more tangible, to arouse an interest vital enough to maintain the vigorous active life necessary for the growth of an organization?

The Christian religion has its personal God, an ever-present

help in time of trouble. It appeals to the strongest possible motive—albeit not the highest one—that of self-preservation.

> "Rewards and punishments make God adored,
> And hopes and fears give Conscience all her power."

Rather than to give up this religion, hundreds and thousands of souls have endured persecution, exile, torture and death. Can a church like ours hope to command from its members the self-sacrificing loyalty and devotion that has been joyfully given to a religion where fear and "enlightened self-interest" are active agents? We believe that it can, we believe in the divinity of human nature. We believe that no ideal is too lofty, no conception too grand, to find a responsive chord in every human heart; and if this chord is struck often enough and strongly enough, it will set the key and the whole life will attune itself in harmony with it.

It has been said that, since we require no religious test of fellowship, we are not a church, but merely a sort of ethical lecture society, divorced from the idea of religion. If religion means one's idea of God or the formal worship of God, if it means the belief in the immortality of the soul, if it means any particular belief in religious matters or on any other subject, then we are not a church; for while most of us do believe in and worship God, and do cherish a belief in a future life, our organization requires none of these as a test of fellowship. But if religion means the love of our fellow-men, if it means the development of the loftiest aspirations of the human soul, if it means the golden rule, and the sermon on the mount,—then ours is a religious society and we are a church,—for it is toward the realization of these ideals that we are pledged to strive. We cannot always be true to our highest ideals, but we can strive toward them, refusing to be satisfied with any ideal less lofty, any motive less pure.

> "A man's reach should exceed his grasp
> Else what's a heaven for?"

We may fail in our effort to establish upon a firm footing this ideal church of ours, pledged to seek and honor truth what-

ever it may be,—pledged to the development of the noblest and best in ourselves, and to the uplifting of our fellow-men; but

"If our bark sink, 't is to a deeper sea."

While some future age will raise up sons and daughters, wiser, stronger and nobler than we,

"They to a disappointed world shall give
The lives we meant to live,
Beautiful, strong and free."

They will again raise the same banner and bear it on in triumph, for the universal church is sure to come. The signs of the times are unmistakable. Dogma after dogma is being dropped as unessential; distinction after distinction is breaking down; error after error is being revealed and banished; liberality more and more is taking the place of the old conservatism. And when the last dogma is discarded, the last barrier leveled, then will the universal church be recognized. And when the universal church *is universal,* the work of evolution will be accomplished and the Millennium will be at hand.

THE PRESIDENT: That we should hear the message of other liberal, broad-minded eloquent speakers, Mr. Martin has several times exchanged rostroms with Rabbi Joseph of Seattle. We have listened to his earnest words with so much benefit that in announcing him as our next speaker, I know what pleasure there is in store for us. Rabbi Theodore F. Joseph.

ADDRESS OF RABBI JOSEPH.

THE VICTORY OF LIBERALISM.

I see there are some elks' heads in this hall, and the favorite hour of the Elks is eleven. I have also heard the Chairman mention that the Old Town and Point Defiance cars, etc., will be held until twelve thirty, and I will certainly not bid defiance to the street car system of Tacoma. The words heard quite frequently at the time of the Elks' festival held over a year ago also sound in my ears just now, "You'll have to hurry, you'll

have to hurry.'' While on the one hand the speaker at the end of the program always suffers to some extent by some of his thunder being stolen, yet there is this compensation, that he gains and gathers fruit through the speeches of the preceding speakers, and this is just what I have been trying to do and I have had no trouble at all.

The World's Fair at Chicago has been mentioned by Rabbi Wise. No doubt a good many of you will recall that most marvelous exposition of the world which took place in the eastern metropolis nearly ten years ago. The ideas and the tastes of the visitors varied considerably. To some of the visitors the transportation building may have been the most impressive. To others the electrical edifice, to still others the Midway Plaisance, with its old Vienna, its German and Swiss villages, its Streets of Cairo; but to my mind the most marvelous feature held at that marvelous fair was that famous congress known as the World's Parliament of Religions. Speaking of the subject of liberalism, it may be stated in this connection that upon that occasion, for the first time in the history of religions the representatives of the various religious denominations came together from many corners and climes. For the first time, it may be stated, upon so large and broad a basis, the Unitarian touched elbow with the Universalist, the Independent extended the hand of fellowship to the Traditionalist. The Brahmin priest coming from Himalayan heights sat next to the Mohammedan brother coming from Armenian regions or from the Moroccan metropolis. They were all seated upon one platform, and they were all ambitious to emphasize the unity of religious thought. By doing this, by accentuating only those points which all speakers and all delegates and dignitaries of the church had in common, those representatives bade farewell to the spirit of religious competition that had so long been productive of enmity and animosity, of hatred and strife among the various religions, but gave birth to the spirit of combination that like a silver or golden cord, bound all these representatives together into one firm brotherhood. They professed themselves as true liberalists and by their meeting and harmonious conference elo-

quently proclaimed the victory of liberalism. It took nineteen centuries, nay perhaps longer, to make possible this event upon that broad liberal platform, and it may take eighteen centuries more, yes, perhaps eighteen times eighteen centuries until the ideas and ideals ennunciated by those progressive leaders and thinkers may be realized in the daily practical life. Yet a gain has been made towards the realization of those inspiring words which the poet of liberalism has expressed in Locksley Hall,

"Yet I doubt not thro' the ages, one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns."

We commend the poet Tennyson for these exquisite lines.

We indeed commend and admire any man in any department that in any wise tries to lift a generation into a higher, purer life. In other words, we are still hero worshipers. It is good that we are hero worshipers, for on every occasion a hero is admired, we unconsciously pay tribute to the higher worth and merit actually exemplified by that man. But let us remember this, if we pay this tribute to an artist, to a painter, to a sculptor or poet , or if on the other hand we pay tribute to the military hero, a Kitchener or Roberts, a Moltke or Miles, or if still in another direction, those gallant heroines, who have nursed our sick and wounded soldiers in various camps, then let us also remember this, friends, that the members of that sturdy band who have had the courage and conviction to repudiate the denominational dogmas or petty prejudices that have retarded the progress of humanity, that the members of this band also deserve equal if not superior distinction. And to this band of sturdy fearless liberalists belongs my distinguished, esteemed and gifted colleague, Rev. Alfred W. Martin. I feel almost like calling him Rabbi Martin for we have so much in common.

Ten years ago, as the circulars and letters were being sent out to the furthermost ends of the earth, notifying those dignitaries of the various denominations to come to Chicago, this apostle of liberalism crossed the plains and the prairies of our continent and here in this city upon these everlasting hills, upon

these immovable rocks of these Pacific slopes, he had the courage to plant the banner of modern liberalism, that banner upon which may be inscribed these words, "Free me, O Lord, free me from all selfish conceits, from all inherited tribalisms, from all petty and narrow prejudices."

If that story is true that has been related about certain sectarian applicants knocking at the gate of heaven without receiving admission, and I say no one can deny its authenticity if it be read in the light of the twentieth or twenty-first century liberalism, then I am sure my brother Martin will certainly take a distinguished rank. That story I believe runs something like this. Once upon a time a Catholic went up to knock at the gate of Heaven. He prayed long and sincerely, but found that the gate did not open so readily, for the gate keeper said, "Who's out there?" and the man of course said "I am a Catholic, I have said my mass, I have read my prayers, I have made my confessions and I have done all that I could to try and lead a pious and righteous life." "We do not know anyone by the name of Catholic here" replied the gate keeper, and the Catholic was obliged to remain outside. After the Catholic came a Protestant, and seeing the distressed looking face, he asked him what was the matter, and the Catholic at once said, "I am very much disappointed, I have been trying to get into this gate here and with all the good marks I have on my side, the gate keeper refused me admittance." Said the Protestant, "I knew all the time that Catholics could never be admitted to heaven," but when he in turn tried to gain admittance, to his great amazement he also was refused; a Mohammedan came, and of course the Catholic and Protestant recognized him at once by his garb. The Moslem tried every way to gain an entrance but found he did not have any better success than the two preceding brothers, and the fourth man came, and he was a Jew. Said he to himself, "I am a member of the chosen people, and of course God will be good enough to admit me." But nonetheless he, too, was kept out. While the four were deliberating outside the gate, it began to grow dark and night came on. After they had said their respective prayers, the Jew

turned to the three others and said, "My friends, something must be wrong somewhere, since we have not been admitted; the night is coming on and we may be compelled to spend the night here, too. Let us take out this little book and pass the time in religious devotion." So he took out a pocket edition of the Old Testament and began to read: "Have we not all one father? hath not one God created us?" At that same instant the gates of Heaven opened and the gatekeeper said, "Well, why didn't you say so before; as children of one God, of one common Father, you are all admitted; there is room for all of you, but we do not know anybody up here by any external labels."

As the Rabbi of Temple de Hirsch of Seattle, where your labors are so much commended and here so successfully conducted, it is certainly a source of intense satisfaction to me to convey the most cordial well wishes and felicitations to the officers and members of the First Free Church of Tacoma, and to you, the presiding and leading genius and officer for the happy completion of the first decennial of your fruitful activity, and I pray to the God of the Universal Religious Society, that is, the universal Father, that he may spare you to yourself, to your family and to the community that you may be able to celebrate the golden anniversary of your successful ministrations, blessed with the golden fruits of freedom, truth, law, and love, flowering forth in an ever increasing number of patrons, friends, supporters, loyalists and liberalists of the First Free Church of Tacoma, and of the Society for Universal Religion in Seattle!

The President: We have had the good fortune to hear our movement discussed from a woman's standpoint in prose, and to ponder over our former stupidity in not availing ourselves of such ability that we knew existed, at our fifth anniversary. We are now to hear, in poetry, an allegorical statement of our position from another of our valued lady-workers. She is a Harvard graduate of the class of 1893. Her attainments have been turned to excellent service in our Sunday school and in other departments of our church work. Her ability and energy are most af-

fectionately recognized by all of her co-workers. We will have the pleasure of listening to Miss Alice C. Van Ruyper.

TRUTH UNFETTERED.

BY ALICE C. VAN RUYPER.

The Spirit of Truth in chains was bound,
  And guarded by dragons drear;
Her fetters were wrought at the forge of No-Thought,
Her jailers the children of Fear.

Black Despair had palled the Spirit enthralled,
  For her jailers were three to one;
Their names were Error and Ignorance,
  And Superstition.

The Spirit of Freedom that way did roam,
  A radiant spirit and wise,
From her lips breathed the air of her mountain home,
  The sunlight beamed from her eyes.

And those dragons grim their eyes grew dim
  As they gazed on that spirit bright;
Superstition's breed dare not look, 'tis said,
  On Freedom's holy light.

The Spirit of Freedom came all unarmed;
  The dragons wore coats of mail;
With her shining glance she held them entranced,
  And she made them cower and quail.

And those dragons dread they turned and fled
  At a breath from that spirit rare,
Superstition's breed cannot live, 'tis said,
  In Freedom's higher air.

And the fetters of Truth fell off in a trice,
  And she rose as fresh as the dawn,
And she flew away to the home of her choice,
  On the strong wings of Freedom upborne.

Past ages of bondage behind her arrayed,
  Future ages of conquest untold;
She reckons her sway from our own Birth Day—
  She accounts herself ten years old.

Ten years of life, but ten ages of living,
  Of the blessed Immortals she;
We have raised an altar to Freedom's daughter,
  Her priests and disciples we.

And here shall we worship, bound by Truth's testament,
  Fortitude, rectitude, chiding us on;
Having outgrown the outworn, and indued the new vestment,
  A multitude's servitude bidding us don.

The President: A few years ago, during our worst financial depression, when we all wanted to give everything we could, in the way of good cheer, good words and everything else but good money, it became necessary that something radical should be done. The faithful workers felt that they had reached the limit of their ability to devise ways and means, and that they would call into conference the most forceful men in our organization. When this meeting was called to order and the distressing financial situation disclosed by the treasurer, Mr. R. T. Reid, —one of the most faithful, most conscientious, and most indefatiguable workers that any organization ever had,—he, in concluding his speech simply said, "Gentlemen, you now see our situation. What are we going to do about it?" Immediately a gentleman arose, and in the forceful way that is characteristic of his utterances said, "What are we going to do about it? We are go-

ing to raise that money, all of it, and right away.'' And we did. I have the pleasure of introducing to you our financial David, who killed the Goliath Debt, with a little force—City Attorney Wm. P. Reynolds.

ADDRESS OF MR. WM. P. REYNOLDS.

Notwithstanding the rapid crumbling of creeds,—the innocuous desuetude into which hell has fallen, existing today only as a relic of mediæval barbarity and cruelty for tramps and strangers,—notwithstanding the authority of the pulpit has passed to the pews, and the priest and preacher are no longer the only mediums by which the masses can reach the throne of their Almighty,—notwithstanding the great advancement in the average intelligence of our people which has brushed away many cobwebs of superstition and repudiated many dogmas of theology, there are people in this city today, and in every community, who would put me to the wheel or the rack till I recanted the opinions which I hold, and some of which I shall express here this evening. But thanks to the beneficent influence of science,—thanks to the few brave and fearless men who have dared to observe, investigate, experiment, reason, and then give to the world their honest conclusions,—men who have dared to seek the truth, irrespective of creeds, cowls, and crowns, the bigotry of these worshipers of Augustine's God is held in lease and the day is not far distant when every man will boldly and honestly preach and teach the faith that in him is.

You are met here tonight as the advanced guard of this better, nobler and truer religion,—the exponents of a faith that repudiates the extra-mundane God of Milton, who, after six days' labor made the universe out of nothing, and then stepped one side, took his seat on his awful throne, and settled himself to watch the worlds he had made go,—go through all eternity;—the exponents of a faith that looks through the myths, superstitions, idolatries, and dogmatic monotheisms of the ages and beholds a Power that is immanent throughout the universe,—a universal Force to which all phenomena, no matter how they may appar-

ently differ, may be traced,—a generalized first great cause to be recognized in the smallest blade of grass, the laughing waters, the twinkling stars and blazing sun, the smile of the cooing babe, the tears of the weeping mother, the brain of a Hottentot or Huxley. Yet we must remember that we are the creatures of inherited tendencies, our environment and education. Most of us passed the plastic period of childhood under the influences that came from solemn chants sung in dim religious light, behind stained glass windows,—from sermons that smelt of brimstone for him who did not believe that the whale swallowed Jonah, and pictured in glowing terms the pearly gates that would open eternal happiness to him who believed in the miracles of Jesus,—influences that came from wearing long faces and repeating long prayers. These influences, bad and foolish as they were, and no matter how hard we may have tried to shake them off, are still with us; and it is not to be wondered at that most of us should sit here tonight with a faint halo of orthodoxy about our heads. As there will never be any homogeneity in the business, social and moral life of this community, now made up of people from so many different states and countries, till a generation grows up here that is indigenous to the soil,—so there will never be the continuity of thought and purpose in the First Free Church of Tacoma, till the Ex-Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, etc., shall have passed away, and a new generation shall have taken up the work unhampered by the teachings of any dogmatic theology. And so while opinions may be presented to us against which our prejudices rebel, let us trust that our reason will discern and approve all that is true, —for truth shall live and conquer forevermore.

When a boy I cut the head of my drum open to see whence came the sound. History teaches us that man in all ages, be he the simple savage or the wise philosopher, has ever been prying and cutting into the drum-heads of the mysterious, hoping thereby to solve the inexplicable phenomena that surrounded him on every side.

In the name of science we pride ourselves on the superiority of our wisdom over the dense ignorance that locked the

mind of pre-historic man within most narrow limits. Yet the knowledge of a Darwin regarding the origin of life,—regarding the first great cause,—is no greater than was that of the simple child of nature who fell upon his face before his sun-god, or fled in terror before his god of storms. True, a Darwin's knowledge regarding natural phenomena is so far superior to that of primeval man that hardly a comparison is to be made. Yet this greater knowledge simply enables its possessor to generalize where ignorance specialized. The Indian spoke more wisely than he knew when he drew a small circle and said "This is what the Indian knows;" and then a little larger circle encompassing the smaller, and said "This is what the white man knows." The superior knowledge of a Darwin teaches him to economize in his classification of natural phenomena,—to generalize, to unify,—teaches him that phenomena apparently so different are due to the same force acting under different conditions,—teaches him to economize in gods, and attribute all phenomena to one great, unknown cause,—one force, one God,—Lord, Jove, Jehovah, Deity. God, Universal Life,—what you will. I do not believe the man ever lived who knew any more about this great unknown force than I do, and I know no more about it than the babe in the basket. The whole thing is an inexplicable mystery.

When you attempt to give it a personality you are apt to do what so many orthodox followers of Augustine's God do in the light of Darwinism,—transfer human attributes to this universal force, and then settle into orthodox slumber,—content in the belief that Darwinism has not dethroned the God of your fathers, but has simply shown that God has acted in nature in a different way from what you thought he did. We cannot reasonably ascribe personality to this universal force, which, if anything, must be limitless and infinite. And when you come to deal with the infinite you are attempting to treat of something which transcends our power of conception. Our finite minds are circumscribed by a limited experience. We cannot, therefore, rationally form ideas of that which is infinite. When we attempt it, we dream,—theorize,—speculate, and before we are

done we have bestowed finite attributes upon that which all the time we are claiming to be infinite. When such an advanced thinker as John Fiske argues that this universal force is not and cannot be material because "the human soul shrinks from the thought,—that it is without kith or kin in all the wide universe," because we "crave after a final cause," I am forced to conclude that Mr. Fiske was not entirely free from the superstitious teachings of his boyhood regarding the God of his fathers. He tells us that when a lad he thought there was a narrow office up in the sky, the walls of which were about five feet high, and within which was a tall standing desk upon which lay open several large leather-bound ledgers. There was no roof over this office, so that a person standing at the desk could look out over the whole world. There were two persons always at this desk,—and one of them, a tall, slender man wearing spectacles, with a pen in his hand and another behind his ear, was God. The other was God's clerk. Both were ever watching the deeds of men and recording them in the heavenly ledgers. To maintain that this universal force is this, that, or the other, simply because we crave it to be is, to my mind, but the gasping argument of the man who is in the transition stage somewhere between a belief in the God of Augustine and Agnosticism,—the argument of the man who is fleeing from intellectual bondage, yet looking back over his shoulder to catch another glimpse of Sodom. When we start out with the premise that the universal force back of all phenomena is infinite, we at once confess our inability to comprehend or explain it. The evidence within the scope of our finite minds, evidence both psychical and physical, is totally insufficient to warrant any rational conclusion as to what this universal force may or may not be.

"Strange, is it not, that
  Of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the
  Door of Darkness through
Not one returns to tell
  Us of the road,
Which to discover we
  Must travel, too."

THE PRESIDENT: In introducing Mr. Harvey L. Johnson this evening, you are presented to a representative of the younger generation of our Society. Mr. Johnson is superintendent of our Sunday school and has recently received a civic compliment by his appointment as assistant city attorney. In the remarks to be made by Mr. Johnson this evening, you will, I am sure, find an echo of all of your thoughts, though I know it cannot be as strongly expressed as we would want. This, however, will only be because words are very often our only way of expressing what our hearts are too full of to give it utterance.

ADDRESS OF MR. HARVEY L. JOHNSON.

OUR MOVEMENT AND THE YOUNGER GENERATION.

Mr. Toastmaster, Fellow-members and Friends of the First Free Church of Tacoma:

After listening to the remarks of the gentleman to whom I have the distinction of being second assistant, I should prefer very much to remain silent at this time; but notwithstanding the fact that I have been placed next to the last on a program which has been entirely rendered, there still remain two or three things for me to say.

The subject assigned to me may very properly be considered in two parts. First, with reference generally to those principles and ideas for which our organization stands, and secondly, with reference particularly to that individual who during the past ten years has become so completely identified with our movement. In view of the lateness of the hour and considering the fact that the principles and ideas for which our organization stands have been so beautifully and eloquently spoken of this evening, I shall leave the thought of the influence which those principles have upon the younger generation to be developed by you individually and will therefore proceed immediately to the consideration of the second division of the subject, namely, the influence of Mr. Martin's life upon the younger generation.

However meritorious a reform movement of any kind may

be, the character of the individual who seeks to promote that movement almost invariably determines the apparent success which that movement meets with. Many a man with worthy motives has undertaken to promote lofty religious ideas, but by reason of the fact that he did not measure up to the requirements of the undertaking, both he and his movement absolutely failed. True it is, as Mr. Martin said in his sermon last Sunday, that "a man's strength and influence depend upon the ideas which control and inspire him." Indeed, that is quite true, but it does not affect the truth of the statement, that the success of a movement primarily and inherently meritorious depends upon the character of the individual or individuals who seek to promote it. Therefore, the individual and the movement become completely and almost inseparably identified.

Such is the case with our movement. Grand and inspiring though it be, you or I cannot even think of it except in connection with Mr. Martin and his ever-devoted wife. "What would Christianity have been," asked Mr. Martin last Sunday, "had it not been for Jesus?" We ask, What would the Free Church have been had it not been for Mr. Martin? It is he who conceived it, it is he who nourished it and developed it. It is he who guarded it and fought for it through ten long years of bitter discouragements, of contemptible treatment and, to some extent, of actual ostracism. "As gold is tried in the fire," we have often heard him quote, "so are acceptable men tried in the furnace of adversity." Even so, during the past ten years, has Mr. Martin been tried and the test has revealed to you and to me, in him, a man acceptable before all others.

Great religious principles are of inestimable benefit to the younger generation, but I firmly believe that there is nothing that so serves to shape and mould young womanhood and young manhood as the influence of a great living example.

It is a source of peculiar pleasure and delight on this, the tenth anniversary of our church, to be able to speak conservatively and at the same time absolutely truthfully and say that in addition to developing the religion of which so much has been said this evening, Mr. Martin has given to the world, in himself,

a radiant and glorious example of a life which is the very incarnation of the ideals toward which our movement works. He has demonstrated the sufficiency of the principles of our movement and by his unfaltering consecration to them he has sent from him a light whose rays have illuminated the minds of men to an understanding of what the possibilities of this life really mean. Such an example will have an influence far greater and far more potent than will ever be revealed by reference to the membership roll of this church.

We have, therefore, these two influences or forces to give to the younger generation: First, a grand and sufficient religion, and second, a living example of both the grandeur and the sufficiency of that religion.

As time moves on, the importance of these influences will grow with each succeeding generation. You and I, as we sit within this room tonight, I firmly believe, little realize the sublimity of the destiny that the future holds for our movement. Time alone will reveal that to us. Nor do we fully appreciate the man we want to honor. His humility, his devotion to duty and his constant self-forgetfulness, his simplicity, his fidelity and his consistency are attributes which, when accompanied by such a master-intellect as his, constitute a man greater than the appreciation of his fellows ever grows to be until long after death has forever removed him from their midst.

Let us tonight, then, as we enter upon a new decade, do so with renewed zeal and with renewed enthusiasm, and not for today alone nor for tomorrow, but for all time may this movement be to us and to our posterity,—yes and better still and greater may it be to the sons of men everywhere living and yet to live, a constant polar of radiance, gradually guiding us out of the captivity of ignorance and superstition, onward and upward to full realization and knowledge of the beauty and beneficence of that Power in which we live and move and have our being.

Mr. Toastmaster and members of the church, last Friday evening a self-constituted committee of your membership did me the honor to request me to be the medium in part through which

we might express to Mr. Martin this evening our appreciation of his life and work with us.

We all realize how absolutely inadequate either words or gifts are, to express such sentiments as we desire to express on this occasion, but your committee, after very careful consideration, have decided to present to Mr. Martin, this evening, this scroll upon which appears the following inscription:

On this tenth anniversary of the First Free Church of Tacoma, founded by you on November 27th, 1892, the members of your Society believe it to be a fitting occasion for giving expression to their love and admiration for you as man and minister and their appreciation of your loyal and faithful devotion to the principles of Universal Religion.

Many here present look back for a decade and see a young, vigorous, and progressive mind no longer willing to wear the chains of denominational bondage, but with a heart so courageous and a personality so winning that without a dissenting voice the entire membership of the First Unitarian Society of Tacoma enlisted in the cause of Universal Religion.

The years that have gone recall financial disasters, removals, losses by death and losses of friendship, but ever and always the white plume of our Henry of Navarre has been found leading the hosts of Free and Unsectarian Religion in the pursuit of Truth at whatever cost. Nor can we let this opportunity pass without paying a loving tribute to the loyal and unselfish devotion of her whose name is a household word in our city for generosity, helpfulness, service and spiritual guidance to many in sore perplexity and to whom she has indeed been a Sister of Mercy.

And so, after ten years of precious association, we meet tonight to review the past and to pledge anew to you our faithful allegiance to the principles of Universal Religion as embodied in our Bond of Union which pledges us to the pursuit of truth by the method of science, the realization of the highest moral ideal of humanity, both in the individual and in society, and to the dissemination of the spirit of reverence, justice, peace and love.

Now, Mr. Martin, it becomes my proud privilege to present

to you on behalf of the members and friends of the First Free Church this simple token of our love and esteem. In doing so we beg of you to accept it with this additional assurance, that in the very highest and noblest sense of the words, after knowing you and your work for a period of ten years, we have become unalterably convinced that you are indeed worthy of the high calling to which both you and Mrs. Martin have been called.

ADDRESS OF ALFRED W. MARTIN.

CONGRATULATIONS.

Dear Friends: I can only say that I have been very deeply touched, not only by the personal allusions which have been made in my hearing tonight, but also by this extra additional evidence of your appreciation and regard. And I can only say, on behalf of Mrs. Martin, as well as on my own account, that we both shall hope to be able to prove our appreciation of what you have manifested to us by endeavoring to become more and more worthy of the position to which we have been called as leaders of this First Free Church of Tacoma. There is a beautiful sentence in the New Testament which comes to my mind at this moment: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." I wish I could feel that were true at this time. I am more disposed to feel that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth cannot speak because of the very abundance. That, believe me, is the spirit in which I endeavor to respond to this token of your esteem and love tonight.

I was to speak to you on the subject of congratulations, but as the night is already far spent there is time for only the briefest utterance. I think we are to be congratulated, first, upon the success of this occasion, the most elaborate festival of its kind ever undertaken by any religious body in this city. I think it is perfectly safe to say that no organization in the Pacific Northwest could possibly furnish a finer program than that which we have been privileged to enjoy tonight. We are to be congratulated, next, on the success of the financial enterprise connected with this occasion. You will all rejoice to know that our fondest

expectations have been surpassed, that we have succeeded in raising not only twenty-five hundred dollars with which to pay off the mortgage-debt we hoped to liquidate, but also enough besides to pay all the expenses of this festival and leave a handsome surplus of over six hundred dollars which will enable us to enter the coming year without a floating debt. Of the total subscriptions, amounting to nearly three thousand five hundred dollars to date, it gives me great pleasure to say that the Sunday school connected with our church contributed at its tenth anniversary November 26th, the sum of sixty-seven dollars, wishing thereby to demonstrate its vital interest in the welfare and progress of our movement.

You remember the old Greek myth of Sisyphus condemned by Zeus for all eternity to roll a huge stone up a steep hill. When the summit was reached the ill-fated man was doomed to see the stone roll back to the bottom, and then to address himself anew to his wearisome and endless task. This ancient myth has its application to the enterprise on the success of which we congratulate ourselves tonight. For our financial embarrassment has been a big boulder wearily rolled to the summit of the hill Solvency, only to descend and demand resumption of the arduous effort to regain the top. But now, with the accomplishment of this anniversary enterprise and the increasing income derived from the rentals of our outgrown church-building converted into the "Tacoma Music Hall," the great stone is securely settled on the summit, enabling us to turn our attention more fully than ever to the moral, philanthropic and spiritual purposes for which our movement exists. Let it not be forgotten that the raising of this large sum of money means something more than the payment of a debt. It means that you believe heartily in our cause, that you have faith in the triumph of our principles, that however much engrossed you may be in the material interests of life, you still regard the spiritual as paramount. It means, moreover, that now we are ready to do the work for which our Society exists as we never were prepared to do it before. It means that you wanted this Free Church of ours to be free from the impedimenta of debt and, thus freed, be able to

carry on the immediate purposes for which it was organized. When a church has financial strength so that it can pay all its running expenses, then it has not, as many think, fulfilled its function, it has merely prepared itself for the work it was organized to do. And so I congratulate you who have made this financial enterprise such an immensely gratifying success on your entrance upon the condition of freedom from oppressive debt and readiness to engage as never before in the work of the Society. And in this connection, allow me to express my genuine and deep appreciation of the many responses to my appeal for subscriptions that signified sacrifice, enthusiasm, and patriotic devotion to our Cause. It was said of Sir Galahad that his strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure. So, let me say, the strength of many a subscriber to this fund was to me as the strength of ten, because his, or her, heart was pure, generous, loyal and determined that the plan projected should succeed and that the movement begun here ten years ago in faith and hope and love, should never suffer decline or decay.

I congratulate you, of the Jewish laity, so largely represented here tonight, first, upon the able and brilliant representation you have had in the rabbis we have been privileged to hear. In all sincerity let me say, that I do not think their treatment of the themes selected for their addresses could be excelled anywhere in the whole field of liberalism. Next, I congratulate you on your presence at this festal gathering because it signifies another and deadly blow at the arch-fiends bigotry and persecution. In my judgment, there is no better way in which you can help to break down the barriers of prejudice and disarm the Gentiles of their fixed bayonets of persecution than by just this kind of intermingling whenever opportunity is offered. Not all the sermons of all the rabbis on tolerance and fellowship can count for as much as your own commingling and intercourse with the Gentiles. Let there be less and less exclusiveness in your social life, your charity-work and your religious life and there will be more and more an extermination of the historic hatred and ill-will.

Lastly, I congratulate myself on being the minister of two Societies that stand in the vanguard of the world's religious leadership and on having in Tacoma and in Seattle so many loyal and devoted co-operators in the Cause to which I have consecrated my life.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY FUND.

Previously acknowledged	$1,053.00
Mrs. H. Leslie Carter, Boston, Mass	5.00
S. D. Mason, Fort Casey, Wash	2.50
Mrs. E. L. Sawyer, Paris, France	10.00
Total	$1,070.50
Received from local sources	2,369.52
Grand total, from all sources	$3,440.02